

The New-York Weekly Magazine ; OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1797. [No. 95.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON MATRIMONY.

ADDRESSED TO MR. C. L.

YOU are desirous, you say, to see a small sketch and exemplification on the benefits incumbent and to be experienced by embracing the connubial state of matrimony.—I do not profess to be a competent judge in portraying the perfections and incomprehensible felicities which might be enjoyed by the sweet acquiescence of enlightened minds; but can, by a slight survey of those incidents which has happened to excite my wandering attention, anticipate those domestic enjoyments which are experienced by the moral and virtuous pair. I shall not contend that all who embrace the matrimonial state, enjoy that pure bliss for which such a state was morally intended; those who come short of this privilege, are contracted in their ideas; they are incapable of comprehending and bringing into sweet subordination the faculties of the human mind—and from hence, in time, arises a disgusting aversion to the sensation and impulse which once stole upon their hearts, and stimulated them with an eagerness to possess the object of their wishes; every trifling incident tends to exasperate evil propensities, and almost all their converse becomes one continual series of discord and contention: the spark of affection is now extinguished, and their existence becomes, as it were, insupportable.—I readily admit, that such a compact of misery is very inauspicious, and none more disgusting and unhappy.

But to enjoy the state of matrimony to the greatest advantage and fullest extent, I think it propitious to be well acquainted with the disposition of our own hearts; the guidance of our passions we should be masters of, and always keep reason in our right hand, and evil propensities at a distance. The feelings which are dishonourable, and are in direct aversion to pure happiness, may, at intervals, strive to obtain a seat in the hearts of the most virtuous pair; but, with a little exertion are defeated and put at defiance—and now it is that those joys which are almost supreme and insupportable take up a residence in their breasts; they make it their chief and greatest blessing to cultivate their hearts in

love and accordant unison—their social hours roll on in joyous emotions—they taste the blessings of a lasting union in affection and disposition—they improve the hours of solitude by endearing and virtuous precepts; and their hearts are ever engaged to eternize each others happiness, both temporal and spiritual.—With what ecstasy do they behold themselves possessed of a little progeny; who, by their wife precepts, are initiated into morals that enlighten and beautify the soul; they become ornaments to society, and a soothing balm to the declining mortality of their revered parents. What state in existence is so desirable and is productive of such beneficent repose to the mind that was once prone to wander through the thick mazes of perplexities, and encounter those versatile haunts of a disturbed imagination? I hope you will agree with me in my conclusion, that the matrimonial state, when supported inviolable by enlightened hearts and conceptions, is the greatest felicity in the reach of mortals, that existence can afford.

Yours, &c.

LAVENSTEIN.

New-York, April 20, 1797.

MAN OF PLEASURE.

TO a man of pleasure every moment appears to be lost, which partakes not of the vivacity of amusement.—To connect one plan of gaiety with another is his sole study, till in a very short time nothing remains but to tread the same beaten round,—to enjoy what they have already enjoyed,—and to see what they have often seen.

Pleasures thus drawn to the dregs become vapid and tasteless. What might have pleased long, if enjoyed with temperance and mingled with retirement, being devoured with such eager haste, speedily surfeits and disgusts. Hence, having run through a rapid course of pleasure, after having glittered for a few years in the foremost line of public amusements, such men are the most apt to fly at last to a melancholy retreat; not led by religion or reason, but driven by disappointed hopes and exhausted spirits to the penfive conclusion, that all is vanity.

ADDRESS OF THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION, &c.

TO HIS THINKING READERS.

(Concluded from page 331.)

PURSUÉ every ray of light on the road to the sanctuary of truth, while you can account to yourselves for every step you proceed, and if necessary, can return to the spot whence you started; but do not venture on dark roads, where, with every step you proceed, you may lose your way, or be precipitated into a bottomless abyss. A few clear truths that force themselves on your understanding as such, and do not infringe on the sacred rights of your reason, are certainly of far greater value, and can guide you safer than all occult arts and sciences that force you to renounce the use of your understanding, and to walk in the dark. Keep firm to the former, and you will maintain your dignity, and be out of the reach of superstitious delusions.

Man is destined for an active and a laborious life, and whatever makes him relinquish, or dislike it, removes him from his destination. This is the third principle I wish to recommend to the consideration of the reader who wishes to guard against the insidious wiles of superstition. Man is not designed to lead an idle and contemplative life, but to exert his faculties, and to acquire the means of happiness. He is destined to use all his mental and corporeal faculties; to apply them to useful occupations, and thus to unfold and to improve them. He therefore, never can grow reasonable and wise, nor virtuous, rich, and powerful, without his own uninterrupted exertions to become so. He must learn every thing through meditation and diligent application, and acquire every thing with trouble and labour, and only what he thus learns and acquires, he can consider as his property, which he can rely upon, and use with safety. Man must not expect the intercession of physical, or moral miracles, for the sake of his instruction and support, the increase of his wealth, or the restoration of his health; for if that were the case, he neither would, nor ever could attain here below, that degree of perfection he is designed to acquire. Man shall not overleap a single step on the scale of perfection, but approach the great mark only by degrees, and with careful steps. Whoever will pay due attention to the institutions and regulations God has made for the improvement and the education of man, will be convinced of the truth of this principle.

If, therefore, you wish to execute the will of God, and to attain the destination for which you are designed, O! then, beware of superstition; for it goes diametrically against the institutions and regulations which God has made for the happiness of man, subverts the order of things, and wants to lead you to the mark without the employment of means, or at least by unnatural means; promises to conduct you to

the goal of happiness on a less difficult road than nature has designed. Superstition promises you wisdom, knowledge, advantages and eminent qualities, which are to cost you little or nothing, and which you are to obtain without the least exertion and trouble, through faith, hope, or mechanical processes and ceremonies. This is, however, not the course of nature, is not the will of the Creator, nor the destination of man; it is the hope and the wish of the lazy and weak, the language of him who is averse from labour and trouble, and yet wants to reap the fruits arising therefrom. Apply your faculties according to your destination, apply them with diligence and cheerfulness, perform your duty faithfully, and enquire for wisdom and knowledge, wealth and honour, health and power, on the road of activity and usefulness, for this is the only path that leads to happiness and human perfection.

The last principle I wish to recommend to you as a safeguard against superstition, is: *Man is not designed to foreknow the future events of his life!* and how could he know, by what means foresee them? if that should be possible, the powers of his understanding, his reason and his knowledge, either must be so much enlarged that he could form the most accurate idea of the great concatenation of all possible events and causes throughout the creation, and then he would not be a mortal, that is a limited being; (this, however, would be a kind of omniscience, which is the sole prerogative of the Godhead) or he must be inspired in a miraculous manner by the Supreme Being, which would infinitely multiply miracles and wonders, and subvert the wise laws of nature. But let us suppose the Godhead should really give it in the power of man to explore his future fate, would he be the happier for it? No, undoubtedly not! a knowledge of that kind rather would prove the greatest bane to the happiness of the individual, and of the human race in general. The villain would grow more daring, and scorn all divine and human laws, if he could foresee that no temporal bad consequences would attend his vile course, and every one that could foreknow the blessings which futurity has in store for him, would anticipate the joys that await him; so that the expected happiness, when realized, would charm him infinitely less than if it had surprised him unawares. Many great geniuses, that through their talents have proved blessings to the world, and, notwithstanding their unremitted exertions to raise a fortune, through their services to human kind, lived and died in poverty, would have relaxed in their zealous endeavours to render themselves useful to the state, if they could have foreseen their fate; the world would have been deprived of the fruits of their diligence, and despair would have utterly destroyed every remnant of comfort which the ignorance of their future fate has left them; while, on the contrary, heaven-born hope gave wings to their genius, and animated them to pursue their career with redoubled alacrity. If the favourite of fortune could foresee that the fickle Goddess never will prove inconstant to

him, would this not render him proud and overbearing? would not the firm persuasion that the uninterrupted continuation of his happy situation would entirely exempt him from every application to the kindness and assistance of his fellow creatures, render him neglectful in his endeavours to preserve their good opinion? while, on the contrary, the uncertainty in which he is, with respect to his future fate, makes it his interest to gain the affection of his fellow creatures. If, on the other side, the favourite of fortune could with certainty foresee that a time will inevitably arrive when his present happy situation will be overclouded, his wealth lost, his body racked with excruciating pains, &c. &c. would not this fore-knowledge poison the enjoyment of his present happiness, and render him miserable even in the lap of bliss? In short, would not the possibility of exploring future events destroy the felicity of numberless mortals, banish hope, that sweet comforter, and oftentimes, the only remaining friend of the unfortunate, from this sublunary world? Would it not frequently render vice more daring, and break the only staff of suffering virtue? If, therefore, we are persuaded that a good God rules the world, and that the Supreme Being watches with a paternal care over the felicity of mankind, we cannot, we dare not expect, that he ever will suffer man to remove the mysterious veil that hides futurity from mortal sight! Some of my readers will, however, perhaps object that, notwithstanding the many bad consequences which inevitably must arise from a fore-knowledge of future events, man would, at the same time, be enabled to avoid at least those misfortunes that can be guarded off by vigilance and prudence. I grant that man would be more *capable* to take measures against future evils, but experience authorises me to maintain, that but very few would make such a wise use of that knowledge. Did not the holy seers of yore, did not our Saviour foretel the Jews the dire consequences of their perverseness? and yet did they not bid defiance to the judgments of punishing Heaven? Does not every Christian know that vice leads to eternal misery hereafter? and do we not every day behold, notwithstanding the general belief in that awful truth, thousands and thousands disregard the warning voice of Heaven, and pursue the road to eternal destruction with unabated ardour? Is it to be expected that man, who risks his eternal salvation for the gratification of his desires during a short and uncertain life, that man who does not tremble at the certainty of endless misery, would be rendered more careful in the choice of his enjoyments, and in the mode of his proceedings through the fore-knowledge of future temporal woe? Let us therefore, never presume, nor even wish to pry into futurity, let us not revolt against the express command of the great Ruler of the Universe: not regard them that have familiar spirits, nor look after wizards, and suspect every one who promises to remove the veil from the hidden face of futurity. Let us look upon those daring mortals as the greatest enemies to human happiness, as rebels against the law of heaven, and as impostors

who abuse our credulity, and under the cloak of occult sciences, make us subservient to their private views. Let us not be astonished when we now and then find some of their predictions realised; but always consider that this is owing merely to accident, and that one truth they utter, is overbalanced by numberless lies. Let us act up to the best of our knowledge, fulfil our duties to God and men, confide in the paternal care of Providence, and he that rules the fate of the whole creation, will stand our friend and protector in the time of need.

ON WEALTH.

AMONG the many advantages of wealth, that of being able to relieve the necessities and indigencies of others is of the greatest value, and most to be prized. In what class of men shall we place the hard-hearted, ungenerous rich man? Upon examination of human nature, avarice is no part of it; and so we shall be forced to list the covetous man among the monsters of this world.

Let the rich man indulge his appetites, and pursue his expenses and superfluities, if he will: and let him enable his family to indulge themselves in the same way, if they are so inclined. But surely, then, he ought to make as many other people easy and comfortable as he can.

I am not, it is certain, obliged to pinch myself to remove other people's pinchings; but if a ring on my little finger has charms enough in and about it to keep half a score or half a hundred families from starving, can I hesitate a single moment, whether or no I shall part with this useless bauble for that end? If a hundred or five hundred pounds will not make me retrench in any thing, nor interfere with the figure and circumstances of life that are proper for my family now, or when I am dead and gone, what can I do better than give it to some other person or family, who are obliged to live entirely below those circumstances they are born or bred to? How can I better employ it, than in raising the spirits, and rejoicing the heart of some melancholy, depressed poor man? I am mistaken, if the application of a few hundred pounds this way, would not give a truer sensation of joy and pleasure than fifty other things, which are often purchased at a very dear rate.

Be persuaded, then, ye rich and powerful, ye honourable and great, to do honourable things with the superfluity of your wealth.

Search after ingenious persons, root them out of obscurity, and obscurity out of them, and call the long-banished muses back to their antient habitation. **MARCUS.**

ANECDOTE.

AN Irishman of the name of Scannel, who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote her a melancholy letter by the last mail from the West-Indies, in which he stated, that he died of the yellow fever after three days illness, and recommended her, and children, to the care of Providence and his friends.

REMARKABLE SPEECH

OF ADAHOONZOU, KING OF DAHOMY,

AN INTERIOR NATION OF AFRICA,

ON HEARING WHAT WAS PASSING IN ENGLAND

RESPECTING THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I ADMIRE the reasoning of the white men; but, with all their sense, it does not appear that they have thoroughly studied the nature of the blacks, whose disposition differs as much from that of the whites, as their colour. The same great Being formed both; and since it hath seemed convenient for him to distinguish mankind by opposite complexions, it is a fair conclusion to presume, that there may be as great a disagreement in the qualities of their minds; there is likewise a remarkable difference between the countries which we inhabit. You, Englishmen, for instance, as I have been informed, are surrounded by the ocean, and by this situation seem intended to hold communication with the whole world, which you do, by means of your ships; whilst we Dahomans, being placed on a large continent, and hemmed in amidst a variety of other people, of the same complexion, but speaking different languages, are obliged, by the sharpness of our swords, to defend ourselves from their incursions, and punish the depredations they make on us. Such conduct in them is productive of incessant wars. Your countrymen, therefore, who alledge that we go to war for the purpose of supplying your ships with slaves, are grossly mistaken.

You think you can work a reformation, as you call it, in the manners of the blacks; but you ought to consider the disproportion between the magnitude of the two countries; and then you will soon be convinced of the difficulties that must be surmounted, to change the system of such a vast country as this. We know you are a brave people, and that you might bring over a great many of the blacks to your opinions, by the points of your bayonets; but to effect this, a great many must be put to death, and numerous cruelties must be committed, which we do not find to have been the practice of the whites: besides, that this would militate against the very principle which is professed by those who wish to bring about a reformation.

In the name of my ancestors and myself I aver, that no Dahoman ever embarked in war merely for the sake of procuring wherewithal to purchase your commodities. I, who have not been long master of this country, have, without thinking of the market, killed many thousands, and I shall kill many thousands more. When policy or justice requires that men be put to death, neither silk, nor coral, nor brandy, nor cowries, can be accepted as substitutes for the blood that ought to be spilt for example sake: besides, if white men chuse to remain at home, and no longer visit this country for the same purpose that has usually brought them hither, will black men cease to make war? I answer, by no means; and if there be no ships to receive their captives, what will become of them? I answer, for you, they will be put to death. Perhaps you may be asked, how will the blacks be

furnished with guns and powder? I reply by another question, had we not clubs, and bows, and arrows, before we knew white men? Did not you see me make *custom*—annual ceremony—for Weebaigah, the third King of Dahomy? And did you not observe, on the day such ceremony was performing, that I carried a bow in my hand, and a quiver filled with arrows on my back? These were the emblems of the times; when, with such weapons, that brave ancestor fought and conquered all his neighbours. God made war for all the world; and every kingdom, large or small, has practised it more or less, though perhaps in a manner unlike, and upon different principles. Did Weebaigah sell slaves? No; his prisoners were all killed to a man. What else could he have done with them? Was he to let them remain in his country, to cut the throats of his subjects? This would have been wretched policy indeed; which, had it been adopted, the Dahoman name would have long ago been extinguished, instead of becoming, as it is at this day, the terror of surrounding nations. What hurts me most is, that some of your people have maliciously represented us in books, which never die; alledging, that we sell our wives and children, for the sake of procuring a few kegs of brandy. No! we are shamefully belied, and I hope you will contradict, from my mouth, the scandalous stories that have been propagated; and tell posterity that we have been abused. We do, indeed, sell to the white men a part of our prisoners, and we have a right so to do. Are not all prisoners at the disposal of their captors? and are we to blame, if we send delinquents to a far country? I have been told you do the same. If you want no more slaves from us, why cannot you be ingenuous, and tell the plain truth; saying, that the slaves you have already purchased are sufficient for the country for which you bought them; or that the artists, who used to make fine things, are all dead, without having taught any body to make more? But for a parcel of men, with long heads, to sit down in England, and frame laws for us, and pretend to dictate how we are to live, of whom they know nothing, never having been in a black man's country during the whole course of their lives, is to me somewhat extraordinary! No doubt they must have been biased by the report of some one who has had to do with us; who, for want of a due knowledge of the treatment of slaves, found that they died on his hands, and that his money was lost; and seeing others thrive by the traffic, he, envious of their good luck, has vilified both black and white traders.

You have seen me kill many men at the customs; and you have often observed delinquents at Grigwee, and others of my provinces, tied, and sent up to me. I kill them, but do I ever insist on being paid for them? Some heads I order to be placed at my door, others to be strewed about the market-place, that people may stumble upon them, when they little expect such a sight. This gives a grandeur to my customs, far beyond the display of fine things which I buy; this makes my enemies fear me, and gives me such a name in the *Bush**. Besides, if I neglect this indispensable duty,

* The country expression for the woods.

would my ancestors suffer me to live? would they not trouble me day and night, and say, that I sent nobody to serve them? that I was only solicitous about my own name, and forgetful of my ancestors? White men are not acquainted with these circumstances; but I now tell you, that you may hear, and know, and inform your countrymen, why customs are made, and will be made, as long as black men continue to possess their own country: the few that can be spared from this necessary celebration, we sell to the white men; and happy, no doubt, are such, when they find themselves on the path for Grigwee, to be disposed of to the Europeans—"We shall still drink water," say they to themselves; "white men will not kill us; and we may even avoid punishment, by serving our new masters with fidelity."

THE ADVENTURES OF ALPHONSO AND MARINA;

AN INTERESTING SPANISH TALE.

(Continued from page 334.)

'ALAS! Madam,' answered the goatherd, 'I wish it were in my power to conduct you to the village of Gadara, behind these rocks: but you will not ask me to return thither, when you are informed that my mistress is this day to be married to my rival. I am going to leave these mountains, never to behold them more; and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a change of dress, which I have in this parcel, and the memory of the happiness which I have lost.'

This short account suggested a new project to Marina.

'My friend,' said she to the goatherd 'you have no money, which you will certainly want, when you have left this country. I have a few ducats, which I will divide with you, if you let me have the dress in your parcel.'

The goatherd accepted the offer. Marina gave him a dozen ducats, and, having learned the road to Gadara, took her leave of the despairing lover, and returned into the grotto to put on her disguise.

She came out habited in a vest of chamois skin, with a shepherd's wallet hanging by her side, and, on her head, a hat ornamented with ribbands. In this attire she appeared yet more beautiful than when adorned with brocades and jewels. She took the road to the village, and, stopping in the market-place, enquired of the peasants, if they knew of any farmer who wanted a servant.

The inhabitants surround her, and survey the stranger with admiration. The girls express their surprise at the beauty of her flowing ringlets. Her elegant form, her graceful manner, the brilliancy of her eyes, even though dejected, their superior intelligence and mild benignity, astonish and delight all beholders. No one could conceive from whence came this beautiful youth. One imagines him a person of high distinction in disguise; another, a prince in love with some shepherdess; while the schoolmaster, who

was at the same time the poet of the village, declared it must be Apollo, sent down, a second time, to keep sheep among mortals!

Marina, who assumed the name of Marcello, was not long in want of a master. She was hired by an aged alcaid, or judge of the village, esteemed one of the worthiest men in the whole province.

This honest countryman soon contracted the warmest friendship for Marina. He scarcely suffered her to tend his flock for a month before he gave her an employment within his house, in which the pretended Marcello behaved with so much propriety and fidelity, that he was equally beloved by his master, and the servants.

Before he had lived here six months, the alcaid, who was more than eighty, left the management of all his affairs to Marcello: he even asked his opinion in all the causes that came before him, and never had any alcaid decided with so much justice as he, from the time he permitted himself to be guided by the advice of Marcello, who was proposed as an example to all the village: his affability, his pleasing manner, and his good sense, gained every heart. 'See the excellent Marcello,' cried the mothers to their sons, 'he is perpetually employed in rendering his old master's age happy, and never neglects his duty, to run after the shepherdesses!'

Two years passed away in this manner. Marina, whose thoughts were continually employed on her lover, had sent a shepherd, in whom she could confide, to Granada, to procure information concerning Don Alphonso, Alonzo, and Henriquez. The shepherd brought word back, that Alonzo was dead, Henriquez married, and that Alphonso had not been seen or heard of for two years.

Marina now lost all hope of again beholding her lover, and, happy in being able to pass her days in that village, in the bosom of peace and friendship, had resolved to bid an eternal adieu to love, when the old alcaid, her master, fell dangerously ill. Marcello attended his last moments with all the affection of a son, and the good old man behaved to him like a grateful father: he died and left all he possessed to the faithful Marcello. But his will was far from being a consolation to his heir.

The whole village lamented the alcaid, and, after his funeral rites were celebrated, the inhabitants assembled to choose a successor. In Spain certain villages have the right of nominating their own alcaid, whose office it is to decide their differences, and take cognizance of greater crimes by arresting and examining the offenders, and delivering them over to the superior judges, who generally confirm the sentence of those rustic magistrates; for good laws are always perfectly consonant to simple reason.

The assembled villagers unanimously agreed, that no one could be so proper to succeed the late alcaid as the youth whom he seemed to have designed for his successor. The old men, therefore, followed by their sons, came with the usual ceremonies to offer Marina the wand, the ensign of the office. Marina accepted, and sensibly touched by such a proof of esteem and affection from these good people, re-

* Meaning—"We shall still live."

solved to consecrate to their happiness a life which she had formerly intended to dedicate to love.

While the new alcaid is engaged with the duties of her office, let us return to the unfortunate Don Alphonso, whom we left galloping towards Portugal, and continually removing farther from the beloved object of his pursuit.

Don Alphonso arrived at Lisbon, without obtaining any intelligence of Marina, and immediately returned, by the same road, to search every place he had before in vain examined; again he returned to Lisbon, but without success.

After six months ineffectual enquiry, being convinced that Marina had never returned to Granada, he imagined she might perhaps be at Seville, where, he knew, she had relations. He immediately hastened to Seville, and there found that Marina's relations had just embarked for Mexico.

Don Alphonso no longer doubted that his mistress was gone with them, and directly went on board the last ship which remained to sail. He arrived at Mexico, where he found the relations, but alas! no Marina: they had heard nothing of her: he, therefore, returned to Spain. And now the ship is attacked by a violent storm, and cast away on the coast of Granada; he, and a few of the passengers, save themselves by swimming; they land, and make their way to the mountains, to procure assistance, and, by accident or love, are conducted to Gadara.

Don Alphonso and his unfortunate companions, took refuge in the first inn, congratulating each other on the danger they had escaped. While they were discoursing on their adventures, one of the passengers began to quarrel with a soldier, concerning a box, which the passenger asserted belonged to him.

Don Alphonso desirous to put an end to the contention, obliged the passenger to declare what it contained, opening it, at the same time, to discover whether he spoke truth.

How great was his surprise to find in it the jewels of Marina, and, among them the very emerald he had given her. For a moment he stood motionless, examining attentively the casket, and fixing his eyes, sparkling with rage, on the claimant, 'how came you by these jewels?' said he, with a terrible voice.

'What does it signify,' replied the passenger, haughtily, 'how I came by them? It is sufficient that they are mine.'

He then endeavoured to snatch the casket from Don Alphonso; but the latter, pushing him back, instantly drew his sword, and exclaiming, 'Wretch, confess your crime, or you die this moment,' attacked him with great fury: his antagonist defended himself desperately, but presently received a mortal wound, and fell.

Don Alphonso was immediately surrounded by the people of the house. They take him to prison, and the master of the inn sends his wife to fetch the clergyman of the parish, that he may administer spiritual comfort to the dying man, while he runs himself, to the alcaid to carry the casket, and inform him of the whole adventure.

How great was the surprise, the joy, and the anxiety of Marina on perceiving her diamonds, and hearing the behaviour of the noble stranger!

She immediately hastened, to the inn: the minister was already there, and the dying man, induced by his exhortations, declared, in presence of the alcaid, that, two years before, as he was one night passing through a street in Granada, a lady had given him that box, through a lattice, desiring him to hold it till she came down, but that he immediately made off with the jewels; for which theft he asked pardon of God, and of the unknown lady he had injured. He immediately expired, and Marina hastened to the prison.

Imagine the palpitations of her heart: she could no longer doubt, but she should again see Don Alphonso, but she was apprehensive of being known by him: she therefore pulled her hat over her eyes, wrapped herself up in her cloak, and, preceded by her clerk and the gaoler, entered the dungeon.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STORY OF TWO CORDELIERS.

BY MARGARET VALOIS, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

TWO cordeliers, arriving late one evening at a little village, were obliged to lodge at a butcher's, and the chamber where they lay was only separated by a few boards from that where the butcher and his wife slept. Curiosity led the cordeliers to hearken what the man and woman were conversing about. The husband began talking of his domestic concerns, and said, "I must get up, my dear, to-morrow betimes, and give a look at our cordeliers; one of them is, I think, in pretty good order, but we will kill both, and salt them down, which will turn well to our account."—Although the butcher spoke only of his pigs, which he jocosely called cordeliers, the poor friars were so horribly frightened, that they were ready to expire with fear, and resolved to save themselves by jumping out of the window. The thinnest of the two fell lightly on the ground, and ran as far as the town without waiting for his companion: the other followed his example; but being very fat, fell so heavily, that he broke his leg, and with much difficulty crawled to a little shed which he found not far off, and which proved to be precisely the place where the pigs (his brother cordeliers) usually lay. Early the next morning the butcher got ready his knife, and went straight to the sty:—"Come, come, my cordeliers," said he, "come out, come out, for to-day I am resolved to eat some of your puddings." The cordelier cried out for mercy; and the butcher, who concluded that St. Francois had metamorphosed one of his pigs into a friar, on purpose to punish him for having sported with the name of a religious order of men, was overcome with fear; but the matter being soon explained, the good fathers, in gratitude for their hospitable reception, and fortunate release from their fears, very peaceably parted with their host, and very kindly comforted him with their benediction.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

LOVE.

THE greatest virtues that men possess are owing to Love. From whence proceeds the balmy band of friendship?—From Love. What felicity would there be in the marriage state without Love? How wretched are those mortals who are incapable of friendship, and who feel no satisfaction in loving or being loved? How morose, how savage, how indelicate, how dull, how cruel would man be, if exempt from social virtues?—And from whence do they all spring, but from Love? I will even go so far as to say, that the polite arts owe their origin to Love. Even the most celebrated poets have exerted their utmost skill on the subject of Love. It soothes, softens, and harmonizes the minds of men, and inspires them with sentiments of tenderness and humanity. It even disposes them to feel for their fellow creatures, and comfort the bosom of affliction. It cannot be denied but men's glory, honour, profit, and pleasure, all depend upon Love. Love would wish that all men should live in perfect harmony with each other, and that there should be no distinction of persons. Love inspires honour, friendship, charity, humanity, benevolence, modesty, meekness, and chastity.

FOLLY.

FROM the first moment that man was placed upon earth, he began his life by pursuing the dictates of Folly, since which his successors have continued to follow the example, and have improved by her precepts, beyond what their forefathers could have conceived, or even hoped for. Folly has invented every kind of excellence that is held in estimation by mankind; luxury, magnificence, titles, honours, and riches. Folly occasioned one set of men to rule their fellow creatures, and keep them under subjection. What but folly could have induced men to search into the bowels of the earth for iron, gold, precious stones, and a thousand other useless baubles?—Even commerce herself would be banished if it were not for Folly. How would so many lawyers, judges, fiddlers, players, perfumers, embroiderers, and ten thousand other professions and trades flourish, if it were not from Folly?

ANECDOTE.

AN elegant writer has said, "that the period of our courtship is the happiest of our lives."—If this position be true, it is impossible not to admire the prudence of a couple lately married, who protracted this period of felicity for thirty-four years. That they should at last think it necessary to unite in the bands of wedlock, is a striking proof that all human felicity must sometime or other have an end.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

On Monday the 13th of February last, at the Prussian capital, His Royal Highness the Hereditary PRINCE of HESSE-CASSEL, to Her Serene Highness AUGUSTA Princess of Prussia.

On Saturday evening se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. LEONARD MEUISE, to Miss DOLLY SHUTE, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Provost, Mr. JOHN HAMILTON, to Miss GIFFY HEDEN, both of this city.

On Sunday evening se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Dr. ALEXANDER ANDERSON, to Miss ANN VAN VLECK, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. CHARLES HENRY, to Miss ELIZABETH ROBINSON, both of this city.

On Monday evening se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. ISRAEL POST, to Miss ANN RICH, both of Philiphburgh, West-Chester.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. BENJAMIN TAYLOR, to Miss MARY BARKER, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. JAMES TORTON, to Miss ANNA BARKER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. SAMUEL LOW, to Miss ANN CREGIER, both of this city.

When pure and unrefined thoughts conspire,
To be dissolv'd in love and warm desire—
The heart then melts with unaffected zeal,
The soul desires no other joys to feel.
Oh may this latter pair such raptures find
In Hymen's bands as calm the wand'ring mind:
May pure affection choicest gifts bestow,
And crowns of laurels cause their hearts to glow.

On Saturday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Provost, Mr. WALTER TOWNSEND, of this city, to Miss JEMIMA WHITE, of Norwalk.

May bliss forever play around their heads,
Content be their's, and peace unmix'd with care;
And all the joys that await virtuous deeds,
Center in my dear friends—this happy pair.
One that ne'er yet has known connubial bliss—
At verse a novice—now solicits Heav'n
To strew round you, in variegated dress,
All, all the blessings that to us are giv'n.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 16th to the 22d inst.

	THERMOMETER		Prevailing		OBSERVATIONS
	observed at		winds.		
	6, A. M. 3, P. M.		6. 3.		on the WEATHER.
	deg. 100. deg. 100.				6. 3.
April 16	45	44	e.	do.	ra h wd. cloudy do.
17	37	49	ne.	se.	clear lt. wd. do. do.
18	37	38	e.	n.	rain lt. wd. snow h. wd.
19	37	45	n.	s.	rain h. wd. cloudy do.
20	41	50	nw.	do.	cloudy lt. wd. do. do.
21	43	55	sw.	do.	cloudy lt. wd. clear do.
22	44	58	s.	do.	clear calm do. h. wd.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS A—— B——.

ACCEPT, dear girl, this artless lay,
Flowing from an heart sincere,
And banish sorrow far away,
Nor think Omnipotence severe.

Affliction is the lot of all,
With ev'ry sweet is mixed gall;
Each pleasing prospect that allures,
But a momentous bliss infuses.

I've felt, alas! this fatal truth,
And been a prey from early youth;
Have drank of sorrow's bitter cup,
But pleasing hope still bears me up.

With our lov'd friends we here must part,
Death, unrelenting, aims his dart;
We all must his stern call obey,
And sink into our native clay.

You mourn a tender parent's fate,
Now summon'd to a future state;
Whose kind solicitude while here,
Prevented each corroding care.

Ah, mourn no more, my lovely friend,
Let grief no more your bosom rend;
Dry up your tears, suppress your sighs,
And seek a mansion in the skies.

The orphan's parent be your guide,
On his sure word of truth confide;
He ever faithful is, and just,
To succour all that in him trust.

REBECCA.

New-York, March 28, 1797.

SPLEEN.

A SONNET.

CURSE on thee, Spleen! or liberate my soul;
Or I must call on Madness for relief:
Madness is bliss, compar'd with thy controul
Of nerveless yearnings, and lean, tearless Grief!
For Madness sometimes will give ear to Mirth;
Yes, I have seen him sooth'd into a smile:
But thou, O Locust! of the sickliest birth,
Gangren'd all humours with thy vapoury bile!
Not even Love—and Madness sits by Love,
And hears his tale, and sighs, and oft will weep:
While thou, worst horror of the wrath of Jove!
Would'st dash him headlong from the wildest sleep!
I can no more.—Heav'n save me! left despair
Drive my poor struggling soul to tax thy care!

ALWIN AND RENA.

ASK you, why round yon hallow'd grave
The myrtle and the laurel bloom?
There sleep the lovely and the brave;
O shed a tear upon their tomb!

"Oh! cease, my love, these vain alarms!"
—For war prepar'd, young Alwin said—
"For I must quit my Rena's arms;
My bleeding country asks my aid!"

"Yes, I will check this bursting sigh;
Yes, I will check these flowing tears:
A smile shall brighten in my eye;
My bosom shall dispel its fears!"

"You try, indeed, to force a smile,
Yet Sorrow's drops bedew your cheek;
You speak of peace—yet, ah! the while,
Your sighs will scarcely let you speak!"

"Go, Alwin!—Rena bids thee go;
She bids thee seek the fields of Death:
Go, Alwin, rush amid the foe,
Go, and return with Victory's wreath!"

A thrilling blast the trumpet blew;
The milk-white courser paw'd the ground:
A mix'd delight young Alwin knew;
While Rena shudder'd at the sound—

Yet strove to check the rising fears,
Which now with double fury swell;
And, faintly smiling thro' her tears,
She falter'd out a long farewell!

Three tedious moons, with cheerless ray,
Had vainly gilt the face of Night;
Nor yet the hero took his way,
To bless his drooping Rena's sight!

At length, thro' Rena's fav'rite grove,
When now the fourth her radiance shed,
He came—and Victory's wreath was wove—
But, ah!—around a lifeless head!

Distracted at the blasting sight,
To yonder tall cliffs bending brow,
With beating breasts she urg'd her flight,
And would have sought the waves below!

But while, with steady gaze, she view'd
The foaming billows, void of fear,
Religion at her right-hand stood,
And whisper'd to her soul, "Forbear!"

And now the storm of grief was o'er;
Yet Melancholy's weeping eye
Distill'd the slow and silent show'r,
Nor ceas'd—till Life's own springs were dry!

For this, around yon hallow'd grave,
The myrtle and the laurel bloom:
There sleep the lovely, and the brave;
O! shed a tear upon their tomb!

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY JOHN TIEBOUT, No. 358, PEARL-STREET, FOR THOMAS BURLING, JUN. & Co.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for this MAGAZINE (at 6s. per quarter) are taken in at the Printing-Office; and at the

Circulating Library of Mr. J. FELLOWS, No. 60, Wall-Street.